

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Last Wordz"

(feat. Ice Cube, Ice-T)

Got any last words  
Yeah I've got some last words  
Ice Cube's in the muthafuckin' house  
The nigga you love to hate

*[Ice Cube:]*

Here comes the nigga with the ruff, the terror  
The paranoid, gots to get the boy  
Get your steel cause I feel like a headbanger  
Yeah I got a gang of shits, styles guns  
My Uzi weighs a motherfucking ton  
Bucking down one, bucking down two  
Bucking down your crew, mutha fuck you  
Pigs wear blue, I wear black, nothing but black  
Cause Goddamn it's a brand new payback  
Fuck Pat Sajak, never did nothing for a nigga  
On the trigger the zigga the zag the nickel the bag  
The nigga the sag the forty four mag got you running like a fag  
So, keep your muthafucking jokes  
Cuz, I'm that nigga with a fresh pair of locs  
No yokes but smokes  
Crakers and them dirty mackers friends aren't jackers  
Get yah for your drawers, young niggas out to kill for the cause

Ice-T in the motherfucking house  
L.A. Playa

*[Ice-T:]*

O- to the muthafuckin G, I break crazy  
A lot of niggas hate me but they can't fade me  
Stop me, clock me, cops wanna Glock me  
But the punk motherfucking pigs can't stop me  
UHH am I a G, I got proof  
Banged in my youth, keep niggas on the roof  
With a scope, dough, Cube keep the rope  
2Pac'll string a nigga up if the mob don't  
So whats up, punk?  
You want what I got, step to me wrong fuck around and get shot  
Your moms crying fuck her bust her  
Bitch start screaming to me and I'll dust her  
Pops got the LP phat, track on hit  
Laid by the mutha fuckin' Bobcat  
Ninety three suckas want me to go out  
Throw the ho out, bitch muthafucker I'm rich

2Pac's in the muthafucking house  
Nigga I'm loc'd, 2Pac's gonna get'cha motherfuckers  
Got any last words

[2Pac:]

Now they're after me, why?, cause a nigga's Black  
Spittin' facts and ain't afraid to pull a trigger back  
Let em come step to a real muthafucker  
(Boom Boom) Mama ain't raised no suckers  
Dan Quayle, don't you know you need to get your ass kicked  
Where was you when there was niggas in the caskets  
Muthafucker Rednecks all the same  
Fear a real nigga if he ain't balled and chained  
That's why we burn shit and wreck  
Cause the punk police ain't learned shit yet  
You mutha-fuckas gonna pay the price  
Can't make a Black life, don't take a Black life  
It's on, the next real nigga fall dead  
Dread, jheri curl, process, or bald head  
Be prepared for the smoke to bust  
What niggas need to do is start loc'in up  
United we stand divided we fall  
They can shoot one nigga, but they can't take us all  
Let's get along with the Mexicans  
And we can all have peace on the sets again  
Imagine that if it took place (ha ha ha)  
Keeping the smile off they White face  
I ain't racist but lets trade places  
Trace the hate 'n face it  
One nigga teach two niggas  
Three teach four niggas  
And them niggas teach more niggas  
And when we blast  
That'll be the biggest blast you've heard  
And them is my last wordz

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